

# PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

AUGUST 31, 1936

•  
**THE ENDLESS TREK**

Herbert Reiser

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**THE MUCKRAKING  
ERA**

Joseph Freeman

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**I'VE NEVER BEEN  
IN SPAIN**

Philemon Cassidy

•  
**AFRICAN MORNING**

Langston Hughes



**\$3 A YEAR**

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# PACIFIC WEEKLY

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NUMBER 9

## CONTENTS

NOTES AND COMMENT	130
THE RIGHT TO VOTE, Editorial by George Andersen	131
BLOOD AND MILK, Editorial by David Price	132
THE ENDLESS TREK, by Herbert Resner	133
SERPENTS IN PARADISE, by Bob Holliday	134
I'VE NEVER BEEN IN SPAIN, by Philemon Cassidy	135
AFRICAN MORNING, by Langston Hughes	137
SEATTLE VERSUS HEARST, by Cole Stevens	138
THE MUCKRAKING ERA, by Joseph Freeman	139
LABOR NOTES, by John Bond	141
HOLLYWOOD-WEEK, by Louis Norden	141
BOOKS	
SPANISH AWAKENING, by Ernest Albee	143
OLD AGE, by Harry Conover	143
THE OLDEST PROBLEM, by Leslie T. White	144
THEY TELL ME, by Ella Winter	144
OUR CONTRIBUTORS	132

## NOTES AND COMMENT

**I**N RIVERSIDE COUNTY, John Phillips is conducting an active campaign for the state senate and his chances of election are excellent. Those who have followed the career of this interesting Californian are agreed that, in the words of a local editor, "Phillips is destined to become one of the GREAT men of the state." For Phillips, an active and intelligent agent of the farm industrialists of the state, differs from leaders of the calibre of S. Parker Frisselle and Col. Walter Garrison, of Lodi, by his thorough understanding, theoretical and historical, of what fascism means. Make no mistake about it: John Phillips' first outstanding service to the farming interests of California was his chairmanship of the committee comprised of Phillips, C. B. Hutchison (Dean of the College of Agriculture at Berkeley) and W. C. Jacobsen (State Department of Agriculture) which artfully white-washed the growers of Imperial Valley in a report, actually written by Phillips, designed to counter the findings of the Leonard Commission. Since then Phillips has been abroad. He has written a series of articles for a farm journal, *California Cultivator*, (February 1st, 15th, and 29th, 1936), about his travels and observations in Russia, Germany, and France. Not a single significant detail of Hitler's program escaped his attention. He was greatly impressed with "the personality of Hitler." He observed with interest Hitler's scheme for cheating thousands of German citizens of their right to vote by creating a new type of citizenship. Unquestionably, Californians should keep an eye on Phillips. He is already being groomed for high office in the state, and, in the senate, his voice will be the voice of fascism in California. It is the type of leadership represented by Phillips that is dangerous, for Phillips, a close student of European fascism at first hand, appreciates the value of dissimulation. He is no local loud-mouthed vigilante; on the contrary, he doubtless believes in a systematized and coordinated suppression. Watch Phillips in the senate.

**M**AJOR-GENERAL DAVID P. BARROWS, who arranged to have Dr. Klaus Mehnert invited to lecture at Berkeley this summer, should himself be placed on the list of active Nazi sympathizers in California. A short time ago, Barrows addressed the Nevada Bar Association, in Reno, on the subject of "German Government and Law Under National Socialism," the address being reprinted in the *Nevada State Bar Journal*. "I make no apology for my subject," Barrows said by way of introduction, "as it is a matter of general interest to follow the transformation going on in the great State of Germany, a very great State." After indulging in a very misleading account of Hitler's march to power, Barrows made the significant comment: "I think our American society has reached a position where we are about to devote renewed attention to the revision of the Constitution of the United States. The German experience should throw light on the subject for us." There followed sweet words for the "new type of penal legislation"; the law for "the protection of German Blood and Honor"; the "law prescribing examination for those contemplating marriage"; and "the extraordinary new land laws." The purge of June, 1934, was "a preventive measure." In a genial style, General Barrows told the Nevada lawyers that "I don't want you to think that Germany is as bad as it looks—they are face to face with something that might be worse, namely, Communism, if National Socialism fails."

**O**F CONSIDERABLE significance in connection with the preparations now being made in Los Angeles to crush the rising labor movement, is a full page advertisement published by the Merchants and Manufacturers Association in all the Los Angeles newspapers on August 21st, 1936. The M. & M. announces that it was organized in 1891 "to aid industry and promote business" and to fulfill certain principles, to-wit:

1. The Association stands for the payment of good wages, decent working conditions and the right to employment freed of coercion or intimidation.
2. The Association recognizes the principle of collective bargaining between an employer and his employee and urges upon employer and employee the establishment of agreeable and harmonious arrangements to this end.
3. The Association opposes strikes and lockouts and contends for the "open shop" in all the term implies.
4. The Association condemns the exercise of violence in labor disputes and will exert its influence to have law and order maintained on all occasions.

Perhaps the most amusing features of this declaration of principles are (a) the contention that the M. & M. does not believe in the exercise of violence in labor disputes and (b) the weasel-worded avowal of "collective bargaining" between an employer and his employee—note, not his employees. As part of the formidable anti-labor campaign being organized in Los Angeles, the executive committee of the M. & M. was re-constituted on August 18th, 1936. It is now comprised of: L. P. St. Clair, President of the Union Oil Company; Reese Taylor, President of the Consolidated Steel Corporation; William A. Simpson, President of William Simpson Construction Company, and Ralph J. Chandler, President of the Los Angeles Steamship Company (also, nephew of Harry

Chandler), and Sam Haskins, as chairman, and J. Stuart Neary as executive officer and counsel. It will be noted that the new committee is made up of high executive officers, not minor vice-presidents and subordinates. Sam Haskins and J. Stuart Neary are members of the law firm of Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher, and both like to boast of the role that they played in breaking the strike of the employees of the Los Angeles Railway Company. Neary is often referred to in the labor press, and, ironically enough, even in the company union newspapers of some of the concerns he represents as "Slugger" Neary. A belligerent and blustering lawyer, he is animated by a robust hatred of organized labor. Referring to the new committee set-up, Sam Haskins remarked: "These men will undertake to guide the M. & M. in a vigorous upholding and furtherance of the open shop principle in this community. They will give the movement new life and vigor."

## THE RIGHT TO VOTE

**M**ANY PEOPLE familiar with the so-called left activities in California have for a long time expected and awaited an organized effort and attempt to prevent the Communist Party and its candidates from appearing on the ballot and thus prevent the members of that organization from expressing their rights of suffrage.

Such an effort has recently been made in Fresno County, where an injunction suit was filed in behalf of the American Constitution League, seeking to enjoin the county clerk of that county from printing ballots or election notices upon which would appear the name Communist Party, or its candidate for Congress in that District, Carl B. Patterson.

The American Constitution League, as a basis for seeking injunctive relief, alleged in its petition to the court that:

- (1) The Communist Party believes in "direct action."
- (2) Believing in "direct action" (without stating in particularity what was meant by the term), the Communist Party and its members did not believe in the judicial determination of controversies.
- (3) The Communist Party believes in the overthrow of the government by force and violence.
- (4) The candidates of the Communist Party, if elected, could not (for an unstated reason) take the oath of any political office.

So far as the writer has been able to ascertain, the American Constitution League is an organization, the members of which are delegates or representatives from a great many vigilante organizations, such as the Associated Farmers, Subversive Activities Committee of the American Legion, Industrial Association, Chambers of Commerce, etc. It has a full time functionary in the person of one Rev. I. R. Wall, who apparently is the "front" man for the subversive activities of the American Constitution League.

Possibly the League, lulled into a feeling of security and invincibility by its belief that the Communist Party does not believe in judicial determination, expected to win its lawsuit without opposition from the Communist Party, and its candidate, Carl P. Patterson. Regardless, however, of the League's belief on the subject, the Party and its candidate intervened in the suit and successfully sought the judicial determination of that controversy.

People in this state awake to the current political and economic difficulties and trends do not have to be shown the Fascist label on the American Constitution League. Nor do they think that this will be the last attempt of the League and its many brothers to circumscribe the inherent rights of the people in order that the objects of the League and its affiliate organizations may be effected.

They were stopped in this very recent attempt to deny Communists the right of suffrage, and it will require continued zeal and effort to prevent their distinctly un-American and subversive activities in the future.

GEORGE ANDERSEN

*(Editor's Note: The injunction suit brought by the League, nominally in the person of J. C. Cape, Fresno barber, was heard on July 31 by Superior Judge C. E. Beaumont. On August 4 he dismissed the suit, sustaining all the grounds set forth in the complaint in intervention. Although the injunction should legally have been resisted by county officials, the county attorney, Dan F. Conway had stated that "We're not interested in this case unless the court issues a restraining order. If the order is issued, we will follow the ruling of the court.")*

Knowing that the injunction might issue if it did not act, the Communist Party sent its attorney, George R. Andersen to contest the suit. Attorney Andersen argued, among other things, that the Legislature and the State Constitution provided for the appearance of political parties on the ballot, and it was not within the power of a court to go behind legal enactments on that score so long as a political party satisfied the requirements of the law for a place on the ballot. Judge Beaumont was apparently impressed by this argument. It is not amiss to state that the judge was extremely fair in his hearing of the case.

The injunction suit was filed by Attorney R. H. Gilmore of Sacramento. His presentation of the case was in the approved Hearst style. Gilmore, while claiming that he received no fee for his services, stated that he was in the case through "mutual interests.")

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## BLOOD AND MILK

**I**N THREE INCH black headlines the front page of the August 7th issue *The Labor News*, official organ of the Long Beach Central Labor Council, shrieks: "STRIKE ON—RICHMAID DAIRY PRODUCTS UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR—SHOT GUN MILK AND DAIRY PRODUCTS."

A perusal of the smaller type at the bottom of the page reveals that "the citizens of Long Beach and the Harbor area are undergoing the experience of having their milk and dairy products delivered by shot gun squads." All good citizens of Long Beach are urged to support the striking milkmen against their employer who uses force and violence against their efforts to secure "decent wages and conditions."

The next page contains a full page editorial, titled "Can It Happen Here?"

"People of the world are alarmed," the opening paragraph says, "by tales of bloodshed and sabotage now occurring in war and strife-torn Spain . . . There is danger of armed intervention by France. Should that happen, Europe, already in the throes of suspicion and distrust, will again run with blood . . ."

" . . . and we wonder if a modicum of common intelligence had been used IN THE BEGINNING all the trouble could not have been averted."

The next paragraph sounds a note of warning.

"What can happen in Spain and France" (undoubtedly the author of the editorial has a private wire to the Croix de Feu) "and Russia may easily happen here in the United States where we bask in smug security (?), while the insidious doctrines of those countries are being fomented and spread among our institutions."

"The nobles of Russia," the editorial laments, "little dreamed of the danger awaiting them when the Communists first began to form their plans. Had not their system survived for centuries? What chance had anyone to organize with sufficient strength to overthrow the existing order? Their future and the future of their children were secure as for hundreds of years."

No mention is made of the security of workers and peasants, and their children.

"What happened is history," the editorial continues, "and the days of czars and nobles were over."

Plainly a prophecy of doom to the economic nobles of the United States unless . . .

"From that beginning emissaries have been sent to every quarter of the globe proselyting for Communism."

"France was the first to fall," the editorial declares, in case any of the readers of *The Labor News* may labor under the misapprehension that France is still controlled by the 200 first families and that the Blum government is anything but an attempt to retain democracy, "then Spain."

"What country is to be next?" the editorial asks. "Are the citizens of this, the grandest spot on earth, to do nothing?"

Then follows three paragraphs dealing with the aims and methods of the Communist parties. Set in quotes to create the impression that they are authentic Communist doctrines, although no source is given, the three paragraphs rehash the ancient charges of "overthrowing of all existing forms of government."

A call to arms is sounded in the next paragraph of the editorial. "Red-blooded Americans whose love of country supercedes everything," by which is evidently meant low

wages and starvation relief scales, are urged "to rise in their might and crush this insidious evil before it is too late."

And finally the editorial offers a solution for the evils which beset us, which is set forth as the policy of the American Federation of Labor.

"First, withdraw recognition of the Soviet Republic"; (at least the editorial writer grants it's a republic) "and second, strengthen the deportation regulations and deport every known alien Communist." (This strangely enough is the current program, emanating from Imperial Valley, of the Associated Farmers, vigilante organization of large growers and shippers.)

"When that is done our troubles are over," concludes the editorial. "Delays are dangerous, and after it happens it is too late."

And for the benefit of any reader who may ask: "Whose troubles?", he may rest assured that the troubles of the striking milkmen are not the ones referred to.

Blandly overlooked by the editorial writer, in presenting the American Federation of Labor position, are the resolutions passed by the Federation condemning Fascist Germany and Italy. But, perhaps members of organized labor in Long Beach belong to a dual organization, not bound by decisions of the conventions of the American Federation of Labor.

Naturally this editorial, which is unsigned, did not go unchallenged. The Long Beach branch of the Workers Alliance, national unemployed organization, addressed an open letter to Carl Fletcher, editor of *The Labor News*, in which it asks: "Why are you silent about conditions in Germany and Italy where the bloody rule of Fascism has destroyed all trade unions . . ."

Editor Fletcher is asked, in the open letter of the editorial to name the author, which incidentally is the most recent of a weekly series printed in his paper, and also to answer whether "James Coulter, secretary of the Oil Workers Union, was correct in telling the members of that union that the Standard Oil Company 'might be' responsible."

DAVID PRICE

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE ANDERSEN is a labor attorney who has been very active defending strikers and political prisoners.

DAVID PRICE is a Southern California journalist.

HERBERT RESNER is a lawyer who has made a special study of labor politics. He has written a book on legal aspects of the marine strike, as yet unpublished.

BOB HOLLIDAY was at Stanford, then worked on various San Francisco newspapers and later went to Hawaii where he worked as a marine fireman and as a newspaperman. He is at present at sea, but is planning a book on Hawaii.

PHILEMON CASSIDY has been a newspaperman in San Francisco for fourteen years.

LANGSTON HUGHES has written a number of plays, poems, short stories and novels. His last book of short stories was "The Ways of White Folks." His latest play, "Mulatto," is at present running on Broadway, and he is working on a novel on a Guggenheim fellowship.

COLE STEVENS is a political analyst and journalist in Seattle.

JOSEPH FREEMAN is at present chief editor of "New Masses." The article called "The Mockraking Era" is a section from his forthcoming autobiography called "An American Testament," to be published by Farrar and Rinehart.

LOUIS NORDEN is a film critic and student of social films in Hollywood.

ERNEST ALBEE was a teaching fellow in philosophy at U.C.L.A. and is now on the staff of "Pacific Weekly."

HARRY CONOVER is in the economics department at the University of California and is a contributing editor of "Science and Society."

LESLIE T. WHITE worked for many years in the district attorney's office in Los Angeles and is the author of "Me, Detective" just published by Harcourt Brace and Co.

# THE ENDLESS TREK

HERBERT RESNER

**T**WO EXCELLENT and informative reports, on Migratory Labor and on Transients in California, have recently been issued by the Division of Special Surveys and Studies of the California State Relief Administration. They are issued in mimeographed form and only a few copies are available for public circulation. But they are important enough to deserve extended question and comment.

## I

### MIGRATORY LABOR IN CALIFORNIA

A review of the historical background of agriculture in California leads to the conclusion that the character of that agriculture has been in large part responsible for the growth of the migratory labor problem. Two outstanding features are evident: (1) The Intensification of Agriculture. This process has consisted in the placing of increased emphasis on the production of crops which require large amounts of labor (truck and fruit crops, cotton, and sugar beets, as against grain and hay which require little labor). (2) The Concentration of Agricultural Ownership. The dominance of large scale farming, of absentee owners, of large scale shipper-grower corporations and large resident growers is characteristic of California. As a result of these factors, the typical relationship to the land in California is not that of a free small holder but of a person who works the land for wages.

The sources of agricultural labor supply in California were in turn the Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, Mexicans, and Filipinos, in addition to immigrants from the eastern United States. A socially and economically oppressed group of workers in their native lands, the Orientals and Mexicans were similarly defenseless against social and economic discrimination in California. The low standards set for the Oriental agricultural workers became in turn the standards for the native worker. There was no other basis for competition between them.

The California agricultural labor supply has always been plentiful. As soon as one source gave out, another and even richer one appeared. Japanese followed the excluded Chinese, Japanese were excluded and Mexicans followed, and then came the Filipinos. The influx of the latter two groups had hardly been stopped when the depression occurred; then came the drought and dust storms, and tens of thousands of farmers, farm tenants and farm laborers were literally blown into California.

Nor was this development spontaneous, except for the recent influx from the drought areas. On the contrary, it was the conscious induction of immigration by whatever methods at the time were most opportune. Advertising of California as the land of golden opportunity, missions to the east to solicit labor, forceful opposition to immigration quotas resulted in a labor supply unequalled for volume anywhere. The California grower has never had to practice any economy in labor with the result that he has lavishly wasted this huge army of human beings irrespective of social consequences.

With an over plentiful supply of labor available, California agriculture developed with the introduction of crops that require large amounts of labor for short periods of time. The grower has raised his crops with consideration for the market only, giving work one day and not the next. The available work has thus been spread over a much larger number of

workers than would be necessary were agriculture planned. Even then there is a labor surplus. 175,000 migrants (men, women and children) are in motion in California at some time in the year. The surplus has been meanwhile added to by other features: (1) influx of unemployed from other states due to the depression; (2) influx of dislocated farmers; (3) influx of other transients; (4) mechanization and other forms of labor saving in agriculture.

Basically, therefore, the problems that have appeared in connection with migratory labor in California all flow from one fundamental fact: *the surplus agricultural labor kept in motion as a result of the unregulated, unrationalized, and anarchic character of agriculture.*

The most important problem created is the low income of the migratory worker. Of 775 agricultural workers on S.R.A. relief studied by the survey, almost all show a steady decline in earnings and time employed during the past six months. In 1930, 145 of the 775 families were employed 12 months of the year. In 1935 only 18 families had steady employment. The average number of months of employment for the group was 7.5 months in 1930 and 5.9 months in 1935. The average yearly earnings (and these are for an entire family in which wives and children worked as well as husbands and fathers) were \$381 for 1930 and \$261 for 1935.

A second problem, and one of the worst features of the migratory labor situation, is the housing of the workers. The conditions that existed twenty-five years ago and led to the Wheatland hop riots are the conditions that exist today. The National Labor Board report on the Imperial Valley for 1934 read: "We found filth, squalor, an entire absence of sanitation, and a crowding of human beings into totally inadequate tents or crude structures built of boards, weeds, and anything that was found at hand to give a pitiful semblance of a home at its worst. Words cannot describe some of the conditions we saw." Since a great number of growers furnish no housing whatever, many families have no shelter at all.

Another evil is the labor contractor who steps between the grower and the worker, taking percentages which sometimes leave the worker in debt from one year to another. Some contractors have absconded with the payroll.

State labor laws, such as the Workmen's Compensation Act, the Child Labor Law, and the Minimum Wage Law for women, either do not apply or are not enforced with regard to agricultural workers. The Federal and State unemployment insurance law specifically excludes agricultural workers.

Three agencies, the State Commission of Immigration and Housing, the State Employment Services, and the Federal Resettlement Administration have thus far attempted to deal with the migratory labor problem without much success. Organized labor hasn't got very far either. The California Federation of Labor ignored the problem since the war, until quite recently, when it appointed a few organizers. Whatever organization there was has been done largely by the I.W.W. and the Communist unions. And the very bad conditions led to bitter strikes.

The families studied showed the cost of an unplanned agriculture. These families were industrious, hard-working American citizens with good mental equipment. They were found living under conditions too deplorable to describe. At

times there was such an absence of sanitary facilities that the health of the whole community as well as that of the migrants was endangered. The families were shut off from medical care, their children from schooling. Child labor was accepted as the usual and necessary thing. All the families found it necessary to turn to the relief agencies to exist.

The study offers no solution to the migratory labor problem,

although it states that fundamental socio-economic changes are necessary. So far as relief is concerned, the study states that migrant laborers do not earn enough to maintain themselves and therefor as a relief agency the S.R.A. must continue to care for these workers.

(Another article, dealing with case histories and Transients in California, will appear next week.—Ed.)

## SERPENTS IN PARADISE

BOB HOLLIDAY

**E**XPLOITED Filipino plantation workers in Hawaii do not have only their bosses to fight. They must also continually guard against treachery in their own ranks.

To keep militant and aggressive workers subdued, the Sugar Planters maintain an army of stool pigeons. This army is composed of a weird variety—professional pimps with whom spying is a sideline; long-haired mystic cultists whose flowery speech conveys their bosses' message of love; suave, glib, well-informed labor racketeers.

Hawaii is noted the world over for its absence of snakes. In the pamphlets published by the Hawaii Tourist Bureau much is made of this fact. It is PACIFIC WEEKLY's privilege to point out that the Hawaii Tourist Bureau has overlooked these particularly poisonous snakes in the tropical grass.

The size of the stool pigeon army cannot be estimated. Stool pigeons themselves are unknown to each other. Three Filipinos came to me in one day, each asserting that the other was working for H.S.P.A.

After living in Hawaii for a short time one begins to get jittery. At first it seems that the melodrama is being carried too far: midnight meetings, people stealing about on tiptoe behind the scenes. You look for long black capes and false moustaches. It all seems a bit overdone and preposterous.

The feeling wears off quickly enough when it is realized how pervasive the spy system is. It flourishes with tropical luxurious. There must be thousands on the plantations alone. Responsible Filipinos inform me that a stool pigeon's pay ranges from ten to thirty dollars a month.

Corby Paxton, editor of the *Voice of Labor* has been a target for pistol shots in unfrequented parts of Honolulu. A friend with him was killed instantly. Another spent four months in the marine hospital.

"The bullets whizzed past my ears like mosquitoes," says Paxton.

The story has already been told how Garnet Burum, Manager of the Seamen's Institute, hired two thugs to beat up Charles Post and Maxie Weisbarth. Burum still holds his job at the holy house of refuge.

What seems like musical comedy melodrama is a serious business. One man associated with the *Voice of Labor* was victim of a crude embezzlement frameup which was squelched by his friends. An army intelligence officer lived four months next door to a member of the *Voice of Labor* staff. The G-2 man (one supposes it was the G-2 man) ransacked the place several time, but, failing to find the cache of Moscow dispatches, gave up in disgust.

One known traitor to the Filipino people publishes a particularly vicious newspaper, *Ti Silaw*, in the Filipino language. This man is Cayetano Ligot.

During the historic Filipino plantation strike in 1924, Ligot was appointed by Manuel Quezon, then President of the Filipino Senate, as Labor Commissioner in Hawaii. The Filipinos on the plantations had been demanding a commissioner. They got Ligot. He was to arbitrate the impending strike impartially, as mediator between the workers and plantation owners.

Ligot's first act was to issue a call urging plantation laborers to cease their struggle for better conditions and to cooperate with H.S.P.A.

The following excerpt from a leaflet issued by Mr. Ligot reveals his attitude towards his countrymen.

"I beg of each of you to give your whole attention to your work, to service on the plantations, and to be careful to uphold the honor of the Filipino people. In this manner, peace, unity and love will run among us."

Mr. Ligot did a good job. He set the style in stool pigeons. Although his efforts to thwart the inevitable strike failed, he was sufficiently demoralizing to decrease its effectiveness.

Today, Cayetano Ligot is one of the richest men in Hawaii. He was expelled from his office by Governor General Murphy for being too brazen with his favors toward the Sugar Planters. He no longer held the confidence of the Filipinos and was consequently of no further use to the shipowners. Ligot retired temporarily to private life.

He now publishes *Ti Silaw*, which is faithful in singing hozannas to the boss. The powers who own and control island destinies beam benignly on their protege. He has their blessing. Among his advertisers may be found the Hawaii Trust Company, Sugar ads, and houses of ill fame, (maintained by the plantation owners for the convenience and degradation of their employees.) Piety, poetry, and prostitution are blended in this paper in a manner reminiscent of the early Hearst era.

Filipinos are an oriental people. Their nature is spiritual,



esthetic, perhaps to occidental minds over-refined. They are sensitive and capable of intense feeling, which has, on occasion, led to demonstrations of high valor. Theirs is a naive idealism which they will go to any lengths to defend. A cynical charlatan can easily deceive them, play on their love of flowery speech and gullibility for cults. Innumerable mystical sects flourish, offering heavily scented escapes from the grim realities of miserable poverty and work in the fields.

Many of these mystics are subsidized by the sugar barons to rove the islands, preaching loyalty to H.S.P.A., faithful work, and promoting race hatred. They have almost succeeded in undermining the once militant Filipino labor movement. There are many who were once active in the unions now wearing long hair, and preaching the gospel of some enigmatic creed. They must escape from their misery somehow. This kind of escape is approved by H.S.P.A.

No one who knows the Filipinos, however, expects them to remain passive. Fiery natures will not be content very long with idealistic sublimations. They will rebel. Their leaders may sell them out and start phoney religious sects to sidetrack issues, but inevitably the rank and file plantation workers will claim their rights.

The sugar planters know this. They are playing against time. Meanwhile, their stool pigeons keep them well informed about plantation affairs. There is a demand for a raise in pay here, for better shacks there. Others complain that their children cannot go to school. And there is always the memory of 1924.

Information is difficult to obtain from Filipinos. They are justly suspicious of inquisitive *haoles*. They are elaborately polite to you, and they tell you nothing. Which is as it should be. There are serpents in Paradise.

## I'VE NEVER BEEN IN SPAIN

PHILEMON CASSIDY

"**I** SEE THEM Spaniards are tearin' hell out of one another" said the man on the street car.

"Yeah," said his companion. "So what?"

"Sure," said the man, "Let 'em hop to it. I can't make head or tails of it. Who the hell's fightin' who, anyway?"

"Search me," said his companion. "Them countries across the pond are always havin' revolutions. Whenever three or four guys can pool enough dough to buy a machine gun, they start one."

"Guess that's about right," said the man. "Well, let 'em kill one another, who cares? Jeez! Mary Astor's diary's gettin' hot, ain't it?"

Who cares?

I care.

I've never been in Spain. But I care. I wish there were something I could do about it. I've never been in Milwaukee, either, but I care about what's going on there, too. A determined little gang of 22 newspaper men and women has been pounding the pavement in front of Hearst's Wisconsin News for several months. They're striking for decent American working conditions and they're on the picket line. They're making history. They're pioneering for you and me against the man who has trampled American ideals under foot and kissed the bloody swastika of his fellow-gangster, Hitler. I care like hell. My heart aches for those 22 Milwaukeeans. My spare change goes to their strike fund.

But it's Spain I'm talking about. I'm just a newspaper man a fellow who is not supposed to have any opinions—except, perhaps, about the outcome of the National League pennant race and the World's Series. But, to paraphrase the song, "I don't care what Papa (Hearst) don't 'low; gonna have opinions anyhow." And so, distilled from a smattering of history and a careful reading of press dispatches, here they are:

A gang of military pirates and cutthroats, imbued with the ideals (?) of fascism, financed by a smuggler who played traitor to both Germans and Allies in the world war, and physically backed by both Hitler and Mussolini, is seeking with blood, fire and terror to take away from the Spanish people what they won peacefully and overwhelmingly at

their last election—their People's government.

A strong statement? Yes, a strong one. But a statement based directly upon news dispatches sent to the Associated Press, the United Press, the Chicago Tribune and the New York Times—none of which, insofar as I know from experience as a newspaper man, is in the habit of stretching the truth in order to blacken the face of fascism. But let's dissect the statement and corroborate each portion of it.

I said "a gang of military cutthroats, imbued with the ideals of fascism." Let's see. By that I meant most of the rebel generals. We'll quote from Jay Allen's dispatches to the Chicago Tribune. Said Allen:

"The generals are a disgruntled lot. General Francisco Franco (leader of the revolt) is undersized, dynamic, cultered and devoured by ambition. The republic virtually exiled him as military commander of the Canary Islands.

"General Gonzelo Quiapo de Llamas is a lank, mustachioed hothead who rose against King Alfonso in 1930 because the king slighted him and now rises against the republic because President Azana ousted him from a fat job as chief of President Niceto Alcala Zamora's military household—because he played politics.

"General Manuel Godea, who was given the job of bagging Catalonia (and whom the victorious Catalonian masses recently executed) is smooth and tricky. He conspired against Dictator Miguel Primo Rivera, and everybody else since, for the pure love of conspiracy. The republic sent him to the Balearics." (The parenthetical insertions are mine.—P. C.)

I am unable to get information on General Emilio Mola, who now appears to be the military genius of the fascist revolt. It may be that he is an honest man who is kind to his wife. If so, he is in bad company.

Now let's examine the second portion of my statement, "financed by a smuggler who played traitor to both Germans and Allies in the World War." I refer to the multi-millionaire, Juan March. Here are some quotations about March from an NEA dispatch printed in the San Francisco News:

"Back of the effort to destroy the Spanish republic through a fascist revolt lie the ill-gotten millions of Juan March,



officials of the republic charged in a radio dispatch from Madrid . . .

"If this is true, it is not the first time Senor March's millions, gained in smuggling and other dubious pursuits, have been used to stir civil disorder and strife in Spain. He and his millions have been a thorn in the flesh of monarchy, dictatorship and republic alike . . .

"He went into the tobacco business, prospered and got the concession for the tobacco monopoly in Spanish Morocco. Thence he smuggled tobacco into Spain in quantity to compete with the government monopoly there. There were millions in it.

"During the World War, Senor March did even better. He sold out first to the German, then to the Allied governments . . . Senor March was rapidly becoming Spain's richest man . . .

"When Dictator Rivera took over Spain, he chased March out of the country . . . Senor March was elected to the Cortes, or congress. But under the republic, charges of swindling were filed against him and the Cortes unanimously kicked him out to permit his arrest . . . He was also accused of backing an abortive monarchist revolt in August, 1932. He was sent to prison. But late that year he escaped, when guards 'felt sorry for him'."

The part of my statement about the backing of Hitler and Mussolini is too obvious to need such corroboration. The recent "act of God" which wrecked some Italian planes in French Morocco, proved Italian complicity. The planes, loaded with arms and munitions, and manned by Italian officers with their insignia removed, were bound for Spanish Morocco, headquarters of Franco's bandits.

The New York Times recently carried, and the radio "March of Time" dramatized, a dispatch from the Times correspondent in Seville, in which the German envoy to the Spanish rebels brazenly admitted that Hitler's utopia is supplying the Spanish fascist with Junker bombers and pursuit planes manned by German army flyers. Italy, moreover, has ejected the ambassador of the Spanish republic from Rome (and he is reported seeking refuge in Vatican City, which, I imagine, will not be a too-friendly haven) and has established diplomatic relations with the rebels in Seville.

The Spanish people only recently began to emerge from

the gloomy feudalistic oppression of the middle ages. Kept in fear and ignorance by Jesuit, terrorized by landed Grandee and brutally exploited by the new industrialism, they have truly been the bearers of the cross. With the fall of the unspeakably corrupt Bourbon monarchy and the collapse of the Rivera dictatorship, they experienced a great awakening. Divided and used as pawns by dictator and monarchist for several bloody years, they at last found solidarity and release in the People's Front, which won a sweeping triumph in the last elections. Their government, for once representing the will of the masses, enacted laws for the protection of workers in industry. It curbed the authority of the church, which had for centuries stood elbow to elbow with the most brutal exploiters. It took many vast hunting grounds from the anti-social and hedonistic Grandees, divided them into farms upon which impoverished peasants might find the means of decent existence. Hitler looked on and frowned. Mussolini scowled. And swaggering General Franco launched his gory adventure to "liberate" Spain—from the Spanish people.

And why do I care? Well, my small turnips, I care because it grieves me whenever unfair and unsporting odds are placed against the under dog who tries to grab himself a little bit of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness in this dolorous world. I care because I don't want to see the People's Republic of France ringed by bloodthirsty, sadistic fascists who will rape her at the first opportunity. I care because I want to see a world in which men and women will work and drink wine and sing and love and create culture and be comrades and hold their heads up proudly. I know that under fascism they will only slink and drill and hate and connive and fight. And I care because I'm selfish. I know that a victory for the Spanish People's government will strengthen the forces in the world who really WANT peace and find it to their advantage, while a triumph of Spanish fascism will spread the beginning of the new world war into which we lotus eaters of America must soon find ourselves sucked.

I wish I had talked to the man on the street car. I wish I had tried to explain to him that General Franco and Alf Landon, the Stooze of San Simeon, really stand for the same thing. I wish I had tried to show him how, some day when the American people decide to unite and vote for a People's Democracy, they will have to be on their guard, because after they win at the ballot box, the Hearsts and the Landons and the Liberty Leaguers will inevitably resort to arms to take it away from them . . .

But then, I'm just a newspaperman—a fellow who shouldn't have any opinions.

## COMING!

**TRANSIENTS IN CALIFORNIA**, by Herbert Resner

A further analysis of the report of the California State Relief Administration.

**THE SURVIVOR**, by Levi Marrero, Spanish Short Story translated by Langston Hughes

**THE CONSEQUENCES TAKEN**, by Tom Kromer

**CASE HISTORY**, A Conversation, by Bob Holliday

**KNOCK KNOCK**, by William Saroyan

**WANTED: AN AUDIENCE**, by Redfern Mason

# AFRICAN MORNING

LANGSTON HUGHES

**M**AURAI took off his calico breach cloth of faded blue flowers. He took two buckets of water and a big bar of soap and threw the water all over himself in the back yard until he was clean. Then he wiped his golden little body on an English towel, and went back into the house. His mother had told him always to wear English clothes whenever he went out with his father, or was sent on an errand into the offices of the Export Company, or onto one of the big steamships that came up the Niger to their little town. So Maurai put on his best white shirt and a pair of little white sailor trousers that his mother had bought him before she died.

She hadn't been dead so very long. She was black, pure African, but Maurai was a half-breed, and his father was white. His father worked in the bank. In fact, his father was the president of the bank, the only bank for hundreds of miles on that part of the coast, up the hot Niger delta in a town where there were very few white people. And no other half-breeds.

That was what made it so hard for Maurai. He was the only half-native, half-English child in the village. His black mother's people didn't want him, now that she was dead; and his father had no relatives in Africa. They were all in England, far away, and they were white. Sometimes when Maurai went outside the stockade, the true African children pelted him with stones for being a half-breed and living inside the enclosure with the English. When his mother was alive, she would fight back for Maurai and protect him, but now he had to fight for himself.

In the pale fresh morning, the child crossed the large, square, foreign enclosure of the English town toward that corner where the bank stood, one entrance within the stockade and another on the busy native street. The boy thought curiously how the whites had built a fence around themselves to keep the natives out—as if black people were animals. Only servants and women could come in, as a rule. And already his father had brought another young black woman to live in his house. She was only a child, very young and shy, and not wise like his mother had been.

There were already quite a few people in the bank this morning transacting business, for today was a steamer day, and Maurai had come to take a letter to the Captain for his father. In his father's office there were three or four assistants surrounding the president's desk, and as Maurai opened the door he heard the clink of gold. They were counting money there on the desk, a great pile of golden coins, and when they heard the door close, they turned quickly to see who had entered.

"Wait outside, Maurai," said his father sharply, his hands on the gold, so the little boy went out into the busy main room of the bank again. Evidently, they did not want him to see the gold.

Murai knew that in Africa the English do not allow the natives to possess gold—but to the whites it is something very precious. They were always talking about it, always counting it and wrapping it, and sending it away by boat, or receiving it from England. And if a black boy stole a coin of gold, they would give him a great many years in prison to think about it. This Maurai knew. And suddenly he

thought, looking at his own small hands, "Maybe that's why the black people hate me, because I am the color of gold."

Just then his father came out of his office and handed him the letter. "Here, Maurai, take this note to Captain Higgins of the Drury and tell him I shall expect him for tiffin at two."

"Yes, sir," said Maurai, and he went out into the native street and down toward the river where the masts of the big boat towered.

On the dock everyone was very busy. There were women selling things to eat and boys waiting for sailors to come ashore. Winches rattled, and the cranes lifted up their loads of palm oil and cocoa beans. Ebony black men, naked to the waist, the sweat pouring off them, loaded the rope hampers before they swung up and over and down into the dark hole of the big ship. Their sweat fell from shining black bodies onto bags of cocoa beans and went away to England and came back in gold for the white men to count in banks as though it were the most precious thing in the world.

Murai went up the steep swinging stairway at the side of the ship, past the sailors leaning over the deck rail, and on up to the bridge and the Captain's office. The Captain took the letter from the little golden boy without a word.

As Maurai descended from the bridge he could see directly down into the great dark holes where went the palm oil and the cocoa beans, and where more sweating ebony black men were stowing away the cargo for its trip to England.

One of the sailors grabbed Maurai on the well-deck and asked, "You take me see one fine girl?" because he naturally thought Maurai was one of the many little guide-boys who are regularly sent to the docks on steamer days by the prostitutes, knowing in English only one or two vile phrases, and the path to a prostitute's door. The sailors fling them a penny, perhaps, if they happen to like the black girl to whom the child leads them.

"I am not a guide-boy," said Maurai, as he pulled away from the sailor and went on down the swinging stairs to the dock. There the boys who really were runners for the girls in the palm huts laughed and made fun of this little youngster who was neither white nor black. They called him an ugly yellow name. And Maurai turned and struck one of the boys in the face.

But they did not fight fair, these dock boys. A dozen of them began to strike and kick at Maurai, and even the black women squatting on their wharf selling fruits and sweetmeats got up and joined the boys in their attack on Maurai, while the sailors leaning on the rail of the English steamer had great fun watching the excitement.

The little black boys ran Maurai away from the wharf in a trail of hooting laughter. In the wide grassy street, he wiped the blood from his nose and looked down at his white shirt, torn and grimy from the blows of the wharf rats. And he thought how, even in his English clothes, the sailors had taken him for a prostitute's boy, and had asked him to find "one fine girl."

The little mulatto youngster went slowly up the main street past the bank where his father worked, past the house of the man who sells parrots and monkeys to the sailors, on past the big bayam tree where the vendors of palm wine have



their stands, on to the very edge of the town—which is the edge of the jungle, too—and down a narrow path through a sudden tangle of vines and flowers, until he came to a place where the still backwaters of the lagoon formed a pool on whose grassy banks the feet of the obeah dancers dance in nights of moon.

Here Maurai took off his clothes and went into the water, cool to his bruised little body. He swam well, and he was not afraid of snakes or crocodiles. He was not afraid of anything but white people—and black people—and gold. Why, he wondered in the water, was his body the color of gold? Why wasn't he black or white—like his mother or like his father,

one or the other—but not just (he remembered an ugly word of the wharf rats) a *bastard* of gold?

Filling his lungs with air and holding his breath, down, down Maurai went, letting his naked body touch the cool muddy bottom of the deep lagoon. "Suppose I were to stay here forever," he thought, "in the dark, at the bottom of this pool."

But, against his will, his body shot upward like a cork and his skin caught the sun in the middle of the big pool, and he kept on swimming around and around, loath to go back to the house in the enclosure where his father was having the English captain to tiffin—and where he, Maurai, and the little Negro girl with whom his father slept would, of course, eat in the kitchen.

But he had begun to be awfully hungry and awfully tired, so he came out of the water to lie down on the grassy bank and dry in the sun. And probably because he was only twelve years old, Maurai began to cry. He thought about his mother who was dead and his father who would eventually retire and go back to England, leaving him in Africa—where nobody wanted him.

Out of the jungle through the African morning two bright birds came flying and stopped to sing in a tree above his head. They did not notice the little boy crying on the ground below them, nor did they pay any attention to the strange sounds that came from the small golden body on the bank of the lagoon. They simply sang a moment, flashed their wings, and flew away.

## SEATTLE

## VS. COLE STEVENS

## HEARST

**N**EWSPAPER reporters started coming of age when they chose the leadership of Heywood Broun and the American Newspaper Guild in preference to that of Richard Harding Davis. In Seattle, a Guild chapter was started last Spring. A majority of the newswriters on Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer* joined. Two of the most active members were Frank Lynch and Everhardt Armstrong, photographer and dramatic editor, who were also the oldest in point of service and were among the highest paid. They were fired early last month. The Guild claims that pressure was then put on other staff members. The case was taken to the Regional Labor Board, which has set a hearing for September 8.

Not knowing whose head would next be chopped off, the Guild voted to go on strike. They had the united support of the State Federation of Labor, and on August 12, the Seattle Labor Council put the *P.I.* on the unfair list. At 2 a. m. the next morning, the strike was called, and at 7, the picket line appeared at Sixth and Pine. By 9 the number had swelled to 300, and by evening 600 laughing proud pickets from practically every labor organization in the city were on the job.

For the first time in its history, the *P.I.* did not publish that night. It has not appeared since. The typographical unions said they sent men to work, but that they were stopped by the picket line. They did not push through it, as did the typographers of Hearst-owned *Wisconsin News*, against which the Guild has been striking for six months. The local management has been instructed not to negotiate with the Guild, and has raised an ineffective red scare. "If the Communists want to

relieve me of the cost and duty of supplying jobs to labor, it is not an unmixed evil . . . The time to stop the mob rule of Communism is before it gains control of state and nation, not afterwards, like poor, prostrate Spain. But, whether anybody else makes the fight against Communism and mob rule or not, I am going to make it; and I am enlisted for the duration of the war." Thus wrote Hearst. The other two Seattle papers published this statement, as they have all statements issued by the *P.I.* management.

In a dozen expensive daily radio broadcasts, the management has alternated between blaming the strike on the radicals and on Dave Beck, conservative head of the teaming crafts. Beck's men have refused to deliver newsprint through the picket line, but the ferryboatmen have taken a similar stand, and the presence of sailors, longshoremen, sawmill workers, moving picture operators, teachers, government employees, and a score of other unions' pickets in the 24-hour picket line gives the lie to all these statements. Without a doubt, this is one of the most cosmopolitan picket lines that has ever appeared. Even ministers and public officials are on it.

The charges of violence are mostly untrue. One armed guard was beaten when he emerged from the building the first day of the strike. The reactionary *Seattle Times* neglected to mention that he was Harold Hiatt, who had been convicted of shooting and killing a teamster picket at a Tacoma brewery a year ago. Since then the picket line has been a model of decorum practically all the time, except when a few provocateurs were sent away.

The Guild has been efficient at meeting the anti-union barrage. It has gone on the air several times, and every morning it has published 20,000 copies of its own paper, the *Guild Daily*. The public has enthusiastically received this little four-page paper, with its strike news, local and world news, sports, women's and humor columns. The committee which has been trying to get a daily started in competition with Hearst hopes that out of this situation will develop a really liberal daily for the Northwest, even if Hearst starts up again.

The *Guild Daily* has at last brought out for the general public the facts on Hearst and the group he symbolizes. It scooped the other papers by interviewing the relatives of Marion Zioncheck, Seattle Congressman who committed suicide recently. Zioncheck ranked with the best of the progressive Democrats in the House and therefore was continually attacked by the Hearst and other reactionary papers. When he became mentally ill, the papers conducted a festival of ridicule, he came home to find public opinion turned against him. His suicide note read: "My only hope in life was to improve the conditions of an unfair economic system." After his death, the papers were eulogistic, it remained for the *Guild Daily* to place some of the blame at the door of the reactionary press.

The Washington Industrial Council, and a former governor and present candidate for the same office, Roland H. Hartley, have called vociferously on the city, county and state officials for the National Guards, or at least the state police. But they cannot change the facts, and Governor Martin (who used state forces against the lumber strike last year) went on the air to point out that a picket line was no violation of the constitution, and no state of disorder existed. Mayor John F. Dore, acting to keep the labor support that elected him last Spring, actually intimated that it might not be so disastrous to Seattle if Hearst never published again. Both he and John C. Stevenson, W.C.F. Democratic candidate for governor, have offered their services to both sides in an attempt to get mediation. The Guild accepted, but the management said there was nothing to discuss until "law and order were restored." Mayor Dore finally lost his temper and said that he would continue to enforce law and order, if he had to disarm every armed thug brought in to break the strike and ship

them out of the state. Meanwhile, the P.I. refuses even to talk to Jonathan Eddy, Guild Executive Secretary who flew West to take charge in Seattle.

Public and union support for the strike has been magnificent, both in contributions of funds, food and time in help on the picket line. Hearst's policies have come home to roost in the form of a public sympathy that is overwhelmingly for the strikers. Handsome headquarters have been opened in the spacious ballroom of a former night club, and down by the P.I. building a room with twenty-five cots to relieve tired pickets (called the Koppa Snooze Fraternity by the strikers) was also donated. Advertising and increasing demands for carrier delivery have been pouring in on the *Guild Daily* headquarters. Howard Costigan and other busy W.C.F. officials have lent valuable support. The most discordant element so far is none other than William Green. Harvey A. Kelly, Hearst strike-breaking expert now in Seattle, is getting good co-operation from him. In a telegram to Kelly Friday, Green said, "Seattle Central Body acted before reporting to American Federation of Labor. Am calling upon American Federation of Labor representative in Seattle to investigate and render all service possible." Green is losing prestige even with the conservative unions, all of which are in accord with the strike, by this attitude. The effectiveness of an industrial type of action in this case also weakens Green's position in expelling the C.I.O. unions.

Probably an attempt will be made to open the P.I. even though the management has announced that it was suspending "indefinitely." Strikebreakers are known to be quartered in downtown hotels; some of them have followed strikers or threatened their families by driving back and forth in front of their homes. On August 22, a ton of food was brought into the building under protection of police and machine guns, and further trouble is expected. But if the technical staff should go through the picket line and the paper appear, Hearst will find the strike not yet won. The P.I. will find that circulation and ads have dropped to a new low, and the *Guild Daily* as a permanent venture would get enough public support to cripple the P.I. to the point where the losses would be too great for even Hearst to stand. In these few days Seattle has given a living demonstration of its contempt for Hearst.

## THE MUCKRAKING ERA

JOSEPH FREEMAN

**L**OUIS was the middle-class protest in those days. You could hear it plainly in the commercial magazines of S. S. McClure, Frank Munsey and William Randolph Hearst, building careers and fortunes by catering to popular discontent with the growth of monopoly-capitalism. Their publications, which Louis Smith constantly read aloud to Robert and myself, flourished in soil prepared by Populist and socialist propaganda. Here writers of exposure and protest showed up the political and economic abuses of American capitalism, which they called Big Business. They brought out into broad daylight the sore spots—the boodling, blackmail, embezzlement, stock speculation, child slavery, adulteration of food; the fraud, graft and corruption which pervaded local and national government departments, the press, the stock ex-

change, indeed the whole of American economic, social and political life. The basis of the Republic was not questioned. It was pointed out, however, that there was widespread political corruption and that its cause was Big Business. The railroads, the banks, the public-service corporations on a large scale, and the saloons, the whorehouses, the gambling joints on a smaller scale, controlled politics in order to increase and protect their profits. In order to expand, they needed what the elder La Follette called "special privilege"—franchises, special legislation, protective tariffs, and interpretations of the law in their favor. They needed to, and did, control the boards of aldermen, the state assemblies, the Congress in Washington, the police, the newspapers, the courts low and high.

Privilege, according to Lincoln Steffens, was the root of all evil. Throwing "bad" men out of office and putting "good" men in their places was useless; the "good" men who came into office, just like the "bad" men whom they ousted, were under the pressure of their political party, which, in turn, was the tool of Big Business. American society as a whole set up an ideal of success whose goal was riches and power. These could be secured only through corruption; yet society, in judging the race for power and riches, punished the losers and rewarded the winners. It trampled on the "good" men and poured the material wealth of life into the laps of the "bad"; it set a premium on corruption.

The discontent expressed by Steffens, Tarbell and Baker in the magazines was echoed in the novels of Booth Tarkington, Frank Norris, David Graham Phillips, Winston Churchill and Upton Sinclair. Those of us who began to read and think at this time became accustomed to the idea, first, that American capitalism was corrupt from top to bottom; second, that art and politics were closely related. Both ideas came from purely American sources. The scene involved was the United States alone; the muckrakers were native-born Americans.

Louis Smith and my other socialist friends, however, assured me that mere exposure, mere protest, mere muckraking was futile. A vice commission might be appointed and its report might be very illuminating; a pure food and drugs act might be passed; but the rot would grow deeper. There was no cure for capitalism; it had to be exterminated if humanity was to progress. The muckraking movement was dying of its own impotence. It could not even survive its name, plastered on it sarcastically by T. R. himself. In 1914 Charles Edward Russell explained the pernicious political anemia which killed muckraking. Magazines of exposure had been strangled to death by the withdrawal of advertising. The few which had survived had become purveyors of cheap fiction and open apologists for the system. But more powerful even than the advertiser, with his censorship of reading matter, was the growing indifference of the middle classes to exposure of the crimes of Big Business.

My socialist friends spoke for an American movement which had grown up alongside the muckrakers. The more alert workers had discovered the death of the Gilded Age earlier than the intellectuals did. State and federal troops and private thugs had taught them in the Coeur d'Alene, Buffalo, Pullman and Tennessee strikes that the prevailing economic system was not merely corrupt, but that it was the property of the bankers and industrialists who had no desire to "share" its blessings with the "common man," and would stop at nothing to maintain their privileges.

The first decade of the century saw the growth of two revolutionary movements rooted in America: the Socialist party and the Industrial Workers of the World. Both groups were primarily interested in the industrial worker; they advocated, supported and organized strikes; they fought for higher wages and shorter hours. But the Socialist party, as distinguished from the I.W.W., had a special appeal for the more discontented sections of the middle class. True, American socialism spoke of the powerful class of capitalists who dominated the economic and political destinies of the country, and of the large army of industrial wage earners in a precarious condition of existence; and it spoke of the clear-cut conflict between the capitalists and the wage earners. It was this gospel of the class struggle that attracted workers like Louis Smith to the party. What attracted middle-class ele-

ments was the party's attacks on big capital, attacks which seemed sharper and more consistent than those of the liberal reformers.

The Socialist party tried to avoid the rigidity of dogma and organizational discipline which marked Daniel de Leon's Socialist Labor party, the dominant radical group of the nineties. This led to a looseness of organization, theory and policy which opened the movement to various social classes, groups and individuals who for one reason or another were dissatisfied with contemporary society. The socialist movement contained orthodox Marxists, revisionists and Fabians, and middle-class liberals for whom the word "socialism" concealed, from themselves chiefly, the ideals of the muckrakers. It contained people who despised political action to the point of syndicalism, and people who cared more for election campaigns than for strikes. There were in it advocates of sabotage and violence, and disciples of nonresistance; ministers of the gospel and militant atheists. On the fringes of the party, as around all movements opposed to the foundations of the status quo, were faddists and cranks of all kinds with their own private schemes for rational eating, free love and the quickest way to achieve socialism.

When Eugene Debs, presidential candidate of the Socialist party in the 1904 elections, polled over 400,000 votes, radicals and reactionaries alike began to look upon the socialists as America's future Opposition party. Both sides of the barricade took the "rising tide of socialism" seriously. Around this "tide" there developed a voluminous literature, for and against. At school and in the library, my friends and I read and heard about the "menace" of socialism; on the street corners and in the meeting halls we heard about its "promise." The publications of the socialist publishing house of Charles H. Kerr Company—the red-covered pamphlets of Karl Marx and the popular brochures of American socialists—circulated by the millions. In the Middle West *The Appeal to Reason* reached an enormous mass of farmers, factory workers and railwaymen; in our own city the *Call* became familiar in every working-class neighborhood.

In Eugene Debs, Mother Jones and Bill Haywood, the socialists and wobblies found remarkable leaders of native American stock and working-class origin. But just as the Russian revolutionary movement drew into its ranks at one time or another members of the middle classes and even of the nobility, so the American Socialist party stirred young men and women of the upper and middle classes to join its organizations and preach its ideas. Names like J. G. Phelps Stokes, Robert Rives La Monte and William English Walling alarmed the chief beneficiaries of the System. Such converts to socialism made it appear that the ruling caste was breaking up from within, especially since the radicals from the *Social Register* called loudly and immediately for a thoroughgoing revolution.

Prewar American radicalism probably reached its peak in 1912, when Debs polled nearly a million votes, and the most dramatic of the capitalist candidates ran on platforms of social righteousness and New Freedom. It was the year when the names of Joe Ettor and Arturo Giovannitti, leaders of the Lawrence textile strike, became household words, and when Emma Goldman could pack meeting halls in any city with lecturers on anarchism, free love and Shakespeare.

The flavor of 1912 was caught by Floyd Dell when he called it the Lyric Year. A new spirit had come to America, and not in politics alone. Poetry was entering upon its American renaissance with the foundation of Harriet Monroe's

magazine in Chicago; the Irish Players and Maurice Brown were instigating the New American theater; Marcel Duchamps' "Nude Descending a Staircase" aroused the rebel sons and daughters of the Babbitry to the meaning of "modern" art; the emancipated sexual theories of Edward Carpenter, Havelock Ellis and Auguste Forel had emigrated to our shores and followed close on the heels of the army of men and women fighting for woman suffrage; and gay clothing, colored neckties, bobbed-haired and smoking women flaunted the victory of the younger generation of that day over the postrate body of puritanism. For the next five years, this "new spirit" was to dominate American intellectual life.

## LABOR NOTES

JOHN BOND

**POLITICAL ORGANIZATION:** The necessity for organized labor to find adequate means of expressing itself on the political front is rapidly being recognized. The California State Federation should elect a committee, which shall be instructed to make a thorough canvass of the possibilities of independent political action. Such committee, within ninety days after its election, shall submit to the membership of the Federation for a referendum vote of its approval or disapproval a program for independent political action.

**EFFECTIVE BOYCOTTS:** The unfair list of the Federation today is not only burdened with much dead timber but to the vast majority of the membership is virtually unknown. If the unfair list is to become an effective weapon, steps must be taken to clear away the dead timber and to initiate active boycotts against companies on the list. The plan:

(a) No firm shall be placed on the Federation unfair list unless the union requesting such action shall submit at the same time a practical program assuring active pursuit and adequate financial backing of the boycott.

(b) The Federation shall adopt a uniform poster in all necessary sizes announcing that—company is unfair to organized labor. Approval of a request to place a company on the unfair list, along with the program for pursuing the boycott, would carry with it the right to use the official Federation posters.

**STRATEGY DEFENSE COMMITTEES:** At frequent intervals, groups of employers launch bitter campaigns to destroy unions attempting only to improve their conditions. In many cases, such unions are caught in the bewildering fire of the organized employers and vicious newspapers, and are sunk before aid can reach them. To combat such vicious attacks, the Federation shall establish District Strategy Defense committees.

These committees shall be composed of one representative elected by each labor council within the district. Such district committees will work in conjunction with the officials of the Federation.

The function of these committees will be, upon the request of any affiliated union, to devise means of combatting the attacks of organized employers and vicious newspapers, to issue publicity, raise funds, provide defense, unite labors efforts, etc.

**LABOR ANTI-VIGILANTE JURY:** When the activities of organized labor and affiliated groups cannot be halted in any legitimate fashion, the last resorts of reactionary forces is to vigilante action. Organized labor must be prepared to defend itself from and to prevent such attacks. The plan:

A permanent committee, to be known as the Labor Anti-Vigilante Jury, shall be created. The Jury will be instructed to investigate any threats of vigilante action or perpetration of such acts, and to recommend to labor groups involved a program to combat vigilante terrorism.

The suggestions made above are but a portion of a proposed well-rounded program. The Federation should offer its assistance to the organization of three of the largest groups of workers in the state—the teachers, writers and artists and the screen actors. It should take a firm active position against fascism, for the release of political prisoners, for the release of Mooney and Billings, and for the repeal of the criminal syndicalism law.

Finally, the convention of the Federation should adopt a resolution instructing its officers to carry out all the mandates of the convention, or face removal at the next convention.

## HOLLYWOOD WEEK

LOUIS NORDEN

**LABOR DAY:** America's Labor Day has, in the past, been an uninspired middle-class holiday. In 1936, it assumes the aspects of a militant showing of labor's strength. The progressive movements in the American Federation of Labor have all done much in the past year to effect the change.

In Los Angeles, on September 7th, the Labor Day parade will demonstrate labor's new solidarity. The successes of the I.L.G.W.U., the cleaners' strike and other progressive organized actions of the year have done much to awaken the rank and file to a knowledge of its own strength. The pressure of these groups has even forced the leadership of the Central Labor Council to take progressive action in sympathetic support of strikes of member unions.

The Screen Actors' Guild joined the Central Labor Council during the year, is having its first opportunity to co-operate with other unions in a Labor Day celebration. Both Junior and Senior Guilds with a total membership of more than 4,000, will "go the limit" to contribute all "the color and fanfare of show business at its command." More than 100 riders—Western, military, Cossack, Egyptian and Mexican, all in costume—will make up a mounted escort for the Guild's floats and cars, and there will be a police escort of Guild members dressed in officers' uniforms. The largest unit of the Guild in the parade will be of actors and actresses, the men dressed in white, the women in light sports clothes.

The Guild expects to have every nationality working in films taking part in the procession in national costume. Each national group will have its own native band.

A group of the old-time Keystone cops, famous in the Mack Sennett pie-throwing days, will chase a "scab" actor along the line of march as a running gag in the parade. Thus does the Guild demonstrate its solidarity with all labor, its militancy, its progressive spirit.

**ARE WE LABORERS?** Fred Keating, erstwhile magician and master of ceremonies, and more recently cinematic leading man, asks the above rhetorical question of Guild members

in the August issue of the Screen Guild Magazine. But the question is asked only rhetorically for Keating, long an Equity member, knows the answer and gives it to those actors who, in their ivory towers, might still consider themselves "only" artists.

Keating first carefully points out that "... Labor has found, or been driven to find, that through organization alone it is possible to guarantee for itself, not necessarily a constant market, but livable conditions while working, and a living wage. ... Labor's struggle never was nor is anything more avaricious than the human urge for decent standards of living.

"Individualism," he says, "is a pleasant mental toy. It may gratify us to be gaped at as we parade in sartorial splendor into a swanky preview. We may glow inwardly at the sycophantic adulation we evoke as picture players, as artists. It is harmless and it is human. But it should not deceive us. Our lusty individualism, our sense of superiority to our fellow beings, the physical laborers, is as precarious as it is anomalous. It is a smug little penthouse built upon a flimsy structure of public whim. If we wish to preserve it we will have to strengthen the basic framework. But we cannot do it alone. We must have help. We shall have to call in the laborer. The steel worker. The bricklayer. The carpenter. The mason.

"We shall have to work together."

Brother Keating's analysis of the artist's place in society is too long to be quoted in full here. It is conclusive, excellent. It needs no strengthening from this commentator. He omitted entirely, however, the political implications of his thesis—that the "laborer," the steel worker, the bricklayer, the carpenter—and all other categories of labor and artistry—in one great organized body—are the only sure guarantees of the people of America against the coming of war and the dictates of Fascism.

**FINANCES:** For the quarter year ending June 13, Eastman Kodak's profits were \$8,081,870 against \$7,048,951 during the same period last year. An increase of more than 600 per cent profit was registered by Warners for the 39 weeks ending May 30, with \$2,554,773 earned in 1936 after payment of all charges, as against but \$371,592 earned during the same period last year.

**FILM NEWS:** Watch for Columbia's "Hooded Legion," to be directed by D. Ross Lederman, and Warners' "The Black Legion," directed by Archie Mayo, both of which begin production this week. Both are potentially dangerous to labor. Because of the Hays' office ruling that films must say nothing to hurt any group of people (except, of course, labor groups), the films will pervert the truth, give a highly romanticized picture of the Legion's activities.

Sol Lesser's "Wild Brian Kent," featuring Ralph Bellamy, will show scenes of government grain limitations actions at Lakeport, California. There, government men are burning 200 acres of wheat fields as part of the national crop restriction program, despite the recent mid-Western drought and locust plague which has caused crop failures in many states.

Warners are still intent on making "Stiletto" for Edward G. Robinson, against Mussolini's protests. Il Duce's threats, however, will make Italians the heroes of the picture even though the film is to be an expose of the Mafia, famed Black Hand society. It will be an interesting exhibition of juggling. In line with Mussolini's current program, it is entirely possible that Warners may declare that the Black Hand society was an organization of Ethiopians. Witness its name.

Walter Wanger has just hired Harold Lamb, author of DeMille film spectacles, to do the script for "Arabian Nights" which Wanger intends to produce in color. Heading the cast may be Charles Boyer, Sylvia Sydney, Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda.

To take advantage of the Mary Astor "publicity," Samuel Goldwyn is moving up the release date on "Dodsworth" from the end of October to September 14.

**BIGGER AND BETTER STUDIOS:** Production needs this week compelled Twentieth Century-Fox studios to purchase 46 more acres of land, the Westwood Public Golf Course, for \$200,000, thus increasing the size of the studio to 146 acres, second only to Universal's 235 acres. On the new land, around which "duffers" have happily spent many leisure hours, the studio will erect outdoor sets which can be left standing, thus to save production cost on future pictures.

**PREPARE:** Theater projectionists organized in the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees will not be caught unorganized by the advent of television. Local 306 in New York is seeking a separate A. F. of L. charter to operate television equipment, and has 33 members taking a six months' course in commercial television at the RCA institute, each paying the monopoly \$150 for the course. Needed, of course, is the nation-wide education of all union men in the use of the new entertainment medium, at a cost far less than the \$150 now demanded by RCA which should be forced to train men to operate its patented equipment—without cost.

"We want our members to be prepared when television arrives," declares local President Joseph Basson. "The old-time projectionist, culled from 'butcher' boys, ushers and unskilled workers, has given way to a skilled technician, constantly alert to the need for study in his field. These men are now preparing themselves to play a useful part in the practical commercial development of television."

**TWO-TIME WINNER:** After winning the June award of the Screen Actors' Guild for the month's best performance with his work in "Fury," Spencer Tracy takes the award for the second consecutive month with his performance in "San Francisco." The award has never before been won by the same actor in consecutive months. Runners-up for July: Carole Lombard in "The Princess Comes Across" and Francis Lederer in "One Rainy Afternoon."

**ON HIS WAY:** Carlo Roncoroni, Mussolini's film expert, in charge of the construction of the \$10,000,000 Fascist film center on the outskirts of Rome, is on his way to Hollywood to study American studio construction and operation methods. He will be welcomed and entertained by Banker Dr. A. H. Giannini, now president and chairman of the board of United Artists, still one of the men whose will keeps Tom Mooney in prison. Roncoroni, while he is here, will also try to line up American producers and stars for performances in Italian-made films.

**COMMENTARY:** While he was working in "The Last of the Mohicans," famous James Fenimore Cooper novel of American pioneers, Randolph Scott, film star, was married into the DuPont family, progenitors of munitions and the Liberty League. The wedding, just announced, took place on March 23rd at the DuPont home in Chester, South Carolina. The bride is Mariona DuPont of Wilmington, Delaware and Montpelier, Virginia.

## SPANISH AWAKENING

ERNEST ALBEE

## ● BOOKS

**E** P. DUTTON, publisher, and Ralph Bates, author of *\*"The Olive Field"* are both to be congratulated on their timing of this book's appearance. We have had few translations of native Spanish writers at any time, while foreign interpreters of Spanish life and culture have for the most part given us nothing but myopic sentiments about bull-fights and fandangos. Ralph Bates is equipped with criteria both of experience and ideology to enable a profound comprehension of the country which is his foster-mother. To use an old figure of speech—he sees the trees of Spanish culture with the close-range view of a Pio Baroja; but further he can see the woods as well, from the perspective of an intelligent and unbiased alien. That he make us see as well and truly as himself is about all we can ask further of a writer, and Mr. Bates has done so in this book.

The people of *"The Olive Field"* define themselves in words such as these from the mouth of Marcial Caro, a leading character:

"We are poor farmers and we work no more than the lands you can see around the house. My father, when he was a young man, was forced to leave home because there were too many for one holding to support. Then, upon his return, he took over the land and married, hoping, as all fools hope, to live in peace with his wife and children to gain their bread."

Marcial Caro is at first sight no more than his fathers have been for generations, poverty-stricken, uneducated tenant-farmers on the vast estates of a grandee in Andaluz. But more than this, one realizes that Marcial almost as surely as his brother Joaquin the Anarchist comes of a novel generation in Spain, a generation which has come aware of the meaning of "class warfare." And it is class struggle of the bitterest and most chaotic sort which more than anything else defines the history of Spain for the last five centuries. The classes there opposed historically to one another are not, Bates shows us, simply capitalist and proletarian; rather the Church, the grandees, the army, the Civil Guard, and indeed their own lack of enlightenment concerning their own problems, have all combined to enslave the proletariat of Spain. So long indeed has the physical, intellectual, and spiritual decay of the working class gone on that its pathology now includes all classes. Even a priest in *"The Olive Field"* who customarily ascribes his country's decadence to the replacement in farm economy of the ox by the mule, reflects upon one occasion that wherever he looks it is "as if something brooding over the country for years and years had absorbed the energy of Spain, its intelligence and strength alike."

The actual time-span of *"The Olive Field"* is brief, covering the eventful months of 1932-1934, but the time is full, vital, and moreover has its roots deep in the Spanish past. In the book's earlier pages events and people show but fragmentary pattern, but as the reader follows through the lives of Diego Mudarra and Joaquin Caro the revolutionaries, of their women Lucia and Conchita, of Don Fadrique the landowner and of Argote his overseer, slowly but certainly the lives of these characters and of their country take on increasing meaning and order.

In 1934, with the abortive revolution which ended in the slaughter of thousands of Asturian miners—in the book with the death of Mudarra and Conchita and Argote—Spain is coming of age in the modern world, much like Russia in 1905. Death, and there is much of it in the latter pages of this book, takes on the affirmative quality of death in Greek tragedy, and we do not regret the individual who dies in the

\*THE OLIVE FIELD, by Ralph Bates. (E. P. Dutton Co.) \$2.50

service of truth and a world, for he in a very real sense lives on.

From these last pages, finally, appear place-names which at this writing are glaring from every newspaper: Oviedo, Gijon, Asturias, and many others; and so *"The Olive Field"* becomes background for the events of 1936. Thus is the book timed, and we are grateful for it as history. But more than history, Ralph Bates has given us a book richly tapestried in landscape and figure, well and often very beautifully written.

## OLD AGE

AN ARMY OF THE AGED, by Richard L. Neuberger and Kelly Loe. Introduction by Bruce Bliven. (The Caxton Press, Idaho) \$2.00

**T**WO NORTH-WESTERN newspapermen have here succeeded in writing one of the most clear, readable and trenchant analyses yet turned out of that complex and enigmatic political phenomena of our times, the Townsend movement. With a deft understanding, heightened by social, psychological, and economic acumen. The authors trace the origins of that movement from the date when the sight of two old women eating out of his garbage can gave Dr. Townsend the impetus for his idea of Revolving Pensions to the preparations for the huge second convention of his followers in Cleveland this year. It is an absorbing story and a significant one, and this book provides a singular basis on which to follow the course of events since that convention.

The Townsend movement, as the authors point out, is above all else a middle-class movement. To be sure, it has included in its ranks some trade-unionists, but they are a negligible factor. It is composed predominantly of shop-keepers, white-collar clerks, exhausted professionals and the unemployed from these ranks. It represents a class which, suspended involuntarily between the contending forces of labor and capital, has had a peculiar lack of contact with the basic realities and struggles of society. A class which is being slowly, continually decimated, and without either a consciousness of its power or decline. Townsendism in fact is but another in the long list of un-matter-of-fact, furious, futile, middle-class reformers which Veblen drew up years ago to include the Utopians, the State Socialists, the Single Taxers and the Social Credit people.

At the same time, it represents the growth of certain seeds of revolt against the established order which has so decimated and impoverished its members. Its program, and the method of financing that program, may in the end be self-destructive, as the authors show. To apply the sales-tax on the extensive scope which Dr. Townsend proposes would be ruinous not only to the economy as a whole but to the immediate prospect of obtaining adequate social security. But I am inclined to believe that long before Congress can ever have passed the O.A.R.P. plan, the forces of reaction against whom its proponents are struggling will have swiftly and drastically acted to set at nought the very discussion of the problem in capitalist society of millions of its distraught, insecure veterans.

Whether or not Dr. Townsend himself is aware of this prospect and regards his movement as a "racket" to be despotically controlled by his self-appointed henchmen, I cannot presume to judge. Neuberger and Loe are inclined to that view, and with considerable plausibility. But certain revolts in his ranks indicate that his grip, whether it be that of a fanatic, a racketeer, or a bewildered old man, is losing its hold.

It is a healthy, democratic revolt, an encouraging one. It is to be hoped that those participants in it will be made to see that the achievement of real social security, real democracy can only be obtained in co-operation with the labor movement. *"An Army of the Aged"* will so help.

HARRY CONOVER

## THE OLDEST PROBLEM

THE WHITE TICKET, by Michael Stern. (National Library Press) \$2.00

GIRLS ON CITY STREETS, by Jacob A. Goldberg, A. M., Ph. D. and Rosamond W. Goldberg, A. M., Ph. D. (American Social Hygiene Association) \$2.50

ONCE AGAIN commercialized vice is dragged into the lime-light. Nearly every author of this sort of book likes to believe that if his, or her, volume was taken seriously the world would be a better place in which to live. The sad truth seems to be that prostitution and sex problems are on the increase.

"The White Ticket" is so poorly written that it may become a popular best-seller; it has just that naive, emotional bang-bang slant that makes certain sex magazines go over; the same clichés. The girls are all so innocent and the men . . . tsk-tsk, the beasts! It is an alleged account of the investigation into the New York vice ring as handled by the District Attorney's Office, but the author has chosen to dramatize and fictionize the facts in a vain effort to make it unfold before our eyes. I don't know anything about the author; perhaps he is an earnest young man who was so appalled at the facts developed in this New York case that he penned them off in a white heat, tinging them with his own moral point of view. Or he may be a calloused newshack who knows the emotional fare to feed the reading public. But six years ago, I cracked a vice ring wide open in Los Angeles, while working as a detective in the District Attorney's office, and that experience taught me that you can't clean up vice by sending one man to jail. We've had prostitution for a good many centuries, and from the moral way we continue to regard it, we'll have it a good many more centuries.

"Girls on City Streets" is a study of 1400 cases of rape. If "The White Ticket" was written for popular consumption, this book by the Goldbergs was written for people with a statistical mind. It goes closer to the root of the problem because it places the responsibility on society as a whole. However, it is significant that the Goldbergs, after their exhaustive investigation, realize what a job it would be to do very much about the problem. They say: "It is problematical whether by any available means, growing girls, and boys as well, can be provided with those essentials for normal life which are the birthright of every child." and again, "Major social and economic changes would be necessary to bring about such a millenium." And all through these almost endless case histories of girls we find definite proof that society is at fault. That fact is not a new discovery, but if it teaches a few more people the simple truth, the book was worth the trouble it must have been to write it.

LESLIE T. WHITE

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## THEY TELL ME . . .

MIKE GOLD drove through Carmel in a big sombrero accompanied by his new and charming French wife and a Future. With them were Clara Weatherwax and her husband, Gerald Strang, who is a musician. The Golds are to settle in California, probably Berkeley, maybe for a year, while Mike writes. He finished a play in Santa Fe; the next is to be a novel.

And talk of a babe being born with a fountain pen in its hand. Mike met his wife on his way to the International Writers' Conference in Paris which he described so beautifully in the "New Masses." True, that was two years ago, but the effect should remain.

THE JULY issue of "Left Review" the excellent sixpenny literary, art and political monthly published in England, has a report on the International Writers' Conference held this June in London. John Strachey spoke on literature under fascism and socialism, Ernest Toller, who was chairman, spoke of the recent deaths of Barbusse, Gorki, G. K. Chesterton and Karl Krauss, (author of "The Last Days of Mankind"), and discussed the position of writers and their job in the defence of culture. R. Ellis Roberts, who is to issue the letters of Stella Benson soon, spoke, as did Cecil Day-Lewis, Gerald Heard, Julien Benda, Malraux, Wells, Ilya Ehrenbourg, and delegates from many other countries. Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis, writer of children's books and sister of John Strachey, did much of the work of organizing the congress. She is secretary of the British section of the Association. The Conference unanimously resolved to urge the Nobel Peace Prize be awarded Carl von Ossietzky, still, in his late sixties, imprisoned in a German concentration camp.

"Left Review" publishes Malraux's speech "Our Cultural Heritage" in full. The magazine's address is 2, Parton St. Red Lion Square, London W. C. 1. The full proceeds of the congress can be obtained from Margaret Stewart, 8 Lloyd Square, London W. C. 1.

MOVIES are continuing the literary trek. Max Reinhardt has gone to France to consult with Romain Rolland on the script of "Danton, the Terror of France," which Warner Bros. are going to produce . . . The Film and Photo League will have to be on the job and keep Warners toeing the line . . . Odets is said to be finished with the first movie he wrote "The General Died at Dawn" in which he, John O'Hara and several other writers acted . . . Nathanael West has left the comparative peace of Hollywood for the teeming life of Carmel for a month.

"NEWS-REVIEW," "Britain's First Weekly News Magazine," gives a list of English newspapermen leaving Fleet Street for book writing; this is apropos of "large, drawing Johnny Gunther" leaving the London office of the Chicago "Daily News." Their list includes Sir Philip Gibbs, Norman Angell, Hamilton Fyfe, ex-editor of the London "Daily Herald," Negley Farson, Valentine Williams . . . and of course the old timers, Barrie, Shaw, Chesterton, Belloc. Such men as Clutton Brock of the London "Times," art critic, and Charles Morgan, dramatic critic, kept books and journalism going simultaneously. But the gap between the two is breaking down.

THE THEATER UNION is putting on "Bury the Dead" end of September in San Francisco. To point the play and give the audience the feeling something "can" be done about war, Raymond Dannenbaum has written a mass chant which will be sung after the curtain has been lowered. It is being directed by Helen Cross of the New York Neighborhood Playhouse, who has been conducting a class in choral speaking at Mills College this summer. There is an urgent need for voices and everyone interested, male and female, who can sing at all, is asked to come to rehearsal at the Theater Union Studio 2229 Geary Street, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 p. m.

WHAT-NOTS: Sybil Bolitho, who wrote a beautiful book about her husband William Bolitho, called "My Shadow As I Pass," has collaborated with her new husband, Cen Fearley, on a humorous novel, "Call for a Chaperone" which William Morrow will publish . . . Van Gogh's letters to his fellow-artist, Anton Ridder van Rapard, will be published by Viking in September under the title "Letters to an Artist" . . . A new book about Father Divine is called "God in a Rolls-Royce" and will be published by Hillman-Curl . . . Heywood Brown is writing an introduction for "The Best of Art Young" a collection of Art Young's drawings to be published by Vanguard in October . . . Vanguard are also publishing James T. Farrell's new novel "A World I Never Made" . . . Charles A. Goff has given up editing the "American Spectator" whose September issue has just appeared in its former tabloid-size format, at 15 cents, with Maxwell Lehman as editor. And E. Phillips Oppenheim has with "The Magnificent Hoax" "penned" his 137th novel. It doesn't seem much use beginning.

ELLA WINTER